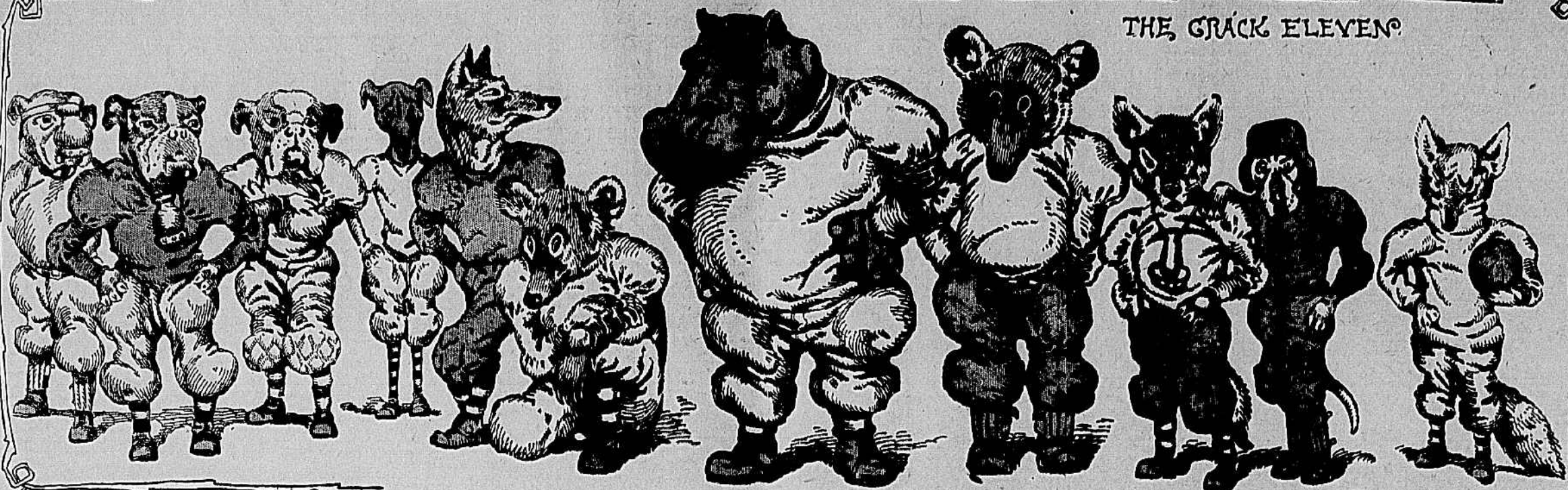


ANIMALDOM

THE FOOTBALL GAME

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY W. E. HARKER

THE GRACK ELEVEN



The animals formed an eleven,
Four backs and a good line of seven.
They had brawn, they had speed,
They had all that Champs need,
And were happy as angels in heaven.

Fatty Hippo was centre of line,
And as guards, two big bears were divine.
And it made you feel merry
To observe Tom and Jerry,
The Wolf tackles, whose game was just fine.

At each end was a lean, keen-eyed Hound;
A shrewd Fox took the ball on the bound.
Three strong dogs, each a Bull,
Were at half-back and full;
Hence, this team beat all others around.

Now, some Porcupines practised the game
(Though most people made fun of the same).
So, one fine frosty day,
The two teams met to play,
While the Big Fellows winked: "It's a shame."

Now (pardon these roars), I was there,
And, oh, what a funny affair.
You ask, "Why these guffawings?"
Pray, just look at the drawings
Of Hippo, Fox, Dog, Wolf and Bear.

"One wee porcupine (Oh, he was cute!)
Stuck sharp quills in poor Hippo's big snout.
Both the Bears, too, were stuck,
And with yells ran amuck,
And the Fox, Dogs and Wolves followed suit.

So the Porcupines scored o'er and o'er,
While the Big Ones were sick, sad and sore.
And from Hippo to Fox
They sat down on smooth rocks
And picked quills out a half day or more.

L'ENVOI

Now a moral I'll point, if I may
(There are many good points in this fray),
Don't rely on mere fame,
Or prepare to go lame
At the end and pick quills out all day.

J. J. MORA.

